

The TATLER

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Mervyn Adams

Lady Rosemary Nutting and Her Daughter

Lady Rosemary Nutting is the wife of Captain Edward C. F. Nutting, elder son and heir of Sir Harold Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire. Her little daughter, Davina Rosemary, was born in 1940. Lady Rosemary is the elder daughter of the sixth Earl of St. Germans; she is a member of the Red Cross and a full-time General Service member of the Leicestershire Convalescent Home. Captain Nutting, who is in the Royal Horse Guards, has been absent from this country on overseas service with his regiment for two and a half years.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Royal Birthday

THE King's forty-seventh birthday found him fulfilling his ceaseless round of activities. Before, and since the war started, His Majesty has borne the burden of his State duties with unfailing conscientiousness and undiminishing energy. The strain must have been exceedingly heavy at times, but it is remarkable how youthful and enthusiastic the King remains. There is a striking similarity between his reign and that of his father, King George V. Like his father, King George VI is experiencing the upheavals of war in the early part of his reign. The present King possesses all the staunchness of his father's character, which is standing him in good stead. Parliament, the people, and the Monarchy were never more united. The Empire was never more strongly consolidated. Before the war the visit of the King and Queen to Canada and the United States did more than even now we can appreciate to bind the people of the Commonwealth in brotherhood with those of the United States. After this war it would not surprise me if the King and Queen do not spend more time in their Empire capitals. For instance, a six weeks' visit to Canada each year would not present insuperable difficulties in modern transport conditions, and there is no doubt that such an arrangement would have beneficial influence.

Spanish Problem

HITLER is pressing General Franco either to come into the war on the side of the Axis, or to grant the German Army the right of way through Spain. Every conceivable form of pressure is being exerted. General Franco is at last faced with a crucial decision. Not long ago he made a glowing speech praising the Axis which no doubt was dictated by the conditions then prevailing. Since then it is evident that words are not what Hitler wants. He demands action. The most significant result of this pressure has been consultations between Spain and Portugal. In his dilemma, General Franco sought the views of Dr. Salazar, head of the Portuguese Government. In some quarters this move was regarded as indicative. Dr. Salazar has always been a friend of the Allied cause, but only recently has he become convinced of the prospects of victory. It remains to be seen whether General Franco will accept the advice I imagine Dr. Salazar tendered. Clearly Hitler cannot afford to tolerate any delay. If General Franco tries to procrastinate Hitler will have to act, for the situation in Tunisia demands from Hitler a diversion in order to reduce Allied concentration.

Montgomery's Move

IT became fairly obvious just before General Montgomery struck at El Agheila that

Rommel was badly placed. The demands of the Tunisian front must have deprived him of the greater part of the reinforcements destined for Tripoli. It would seem that while Rommel retained a nucleus of sound German infantry who were prepared to fight to the last man, his shortage of petrol was acute and his lack of armour made it impossible for him to counter-attack. I imagine that General Montgomery would have preferred a stand-up fight at El Agheila, for that would have been an opportunity to smash Rommel completely. While Rommel keeps on the run, General Montgomery's striking power is considerably reduced. It is clear, however, that he found new means to move Rommel from El Agheila so that we can be fairly confident that General Montgomery has further plans to catch his opponent.

North African Tangle

IT would surprise me if General Catroux does not, sooner or later, become head of a provisional French Government in North Africa. All indications point to this, and there seems to be little doubt that both General de Gaulle and General Giraud would be willing to serve with him or under him. Public opinion is becoming more settled about the Darlan tangle. In the best informed quarters it is evident that General Eisenhower has complete backing, even of the French generals, for what he did. Indeed, I believe that it will be found eventually that General Giraud had to admit the necessity of making temporary use of Admiral Darlan. The fact is that Admiral Darlan was able to fulfil all the requirements of the Frenchman's love of legalism. He had been sent to North Africa by Marshal Pétain, whose name still has mystic power there. This influenced soldiers and civil servants to accept Admiral Darlan until further arrangements could be made. Obviously, only Frenchmen can make these further arrangements; in other words, only Frenchmen can deal with Darlan.

Administrative Needs

IN the meantime, however, General Eisenhower is faced with very big administrative problems. In the old days, Algeria, Tunisia and French Morocco were administered separately. Algeria was part of Metropolitan France and, therefore, governed by the Ministry of the Interior. Tunisia came under the French Foreign Office, and Morocco under the Colonial Office. Under the Darlan arrangement he is trying to administer all three as one unit and clearly this is proving difficult. From the United States there is news that the British Government has suggested a way out of this difficulty. It has proposed to President Roosevelt the appointment of American and British administrators of Ministerial rank and political experience to relieve General Eisenhower of his responsibilities so that he can pursue the military campaign. Even General Wavell, with his vast experience, found it difficult in friendly Egypt to fight battles and control administration. So the Government appointed a Minister of State. This in effect is what Mr. Churchill is believed to have suggested to President Roosevelt.

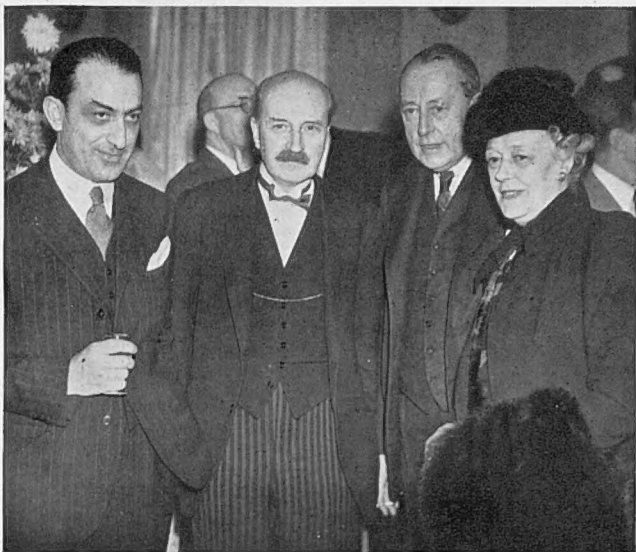
Observer in India

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has taken a significant step by appointing Mr. William Phillips as his personal representative in India. Political opinion in the United States, which has been worked up—it is said by funds of those who previously supported the Isolationist cause—may have compelled Mr. Roosevelt to do this. It is assumed that he first consulted the British Government. In any case, I do not believe that he is in any doubt about the attitude of the British Government. Some time ago the Prime Minister formally notified the heads of the Allied Governments that he regarded the



Sir William Jowitt, Post-War Planning Expert

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Jowitt, K.C., M.P., became Paymaster-General last March, succeeding Lord Hankey. At the same time he took over responsibility for post-war reconstruction programmes. He is shortly to report on the subject to the Government, when some lively debates are expected. Sir William, who is the Labour M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, was appointed Solicitor-General in May, 1940, in Mr. Churchill's first wartime Cabinet



A Brazilian Presentation

An address, signed by the foremost Brazilian stage artists, was presented to the artists of the British Stage in London recently. Above, Senhor Parschoal Carlos Magno, Secretary at the Brazilian Embassy, is with Viscount Esher and Mr. W. Bridges-Adams, chairman and secretary of the Drama Committee of the British Council



First Nighters at "It Happened in September"

Viscountess Simon, wife of the Lord Chancellor, and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law, were in a box at the first night. Captain Randolph Churchill, M.P., who is Mr. Churchill's only son, is serving with a Commando in North Africa



The Marquis of Queensberry and the Earl of Harewood sat together in the theatre. There were a number of M.P.s present in the audience, to judge their colleague, Mr. Beverley Baxter's first effort as a playwright. He is himself the Conservative Member for Wood Green division of Essex

Indian problem as an exclusively British problem. Mr. Phillips is a career diplomat of high standing who has long experience of affairs dating back to when he first came to London forty years ago as Secretary at the United States Embassy. We can rest assured President Roosevelt will receive faithful reports from his representative. There are some Americans who believe that the Indian problem is simple. There are others who recognise that Britain has long experience in administration, which is unequalled by any Power in the world.

Unshackled

THE Swiss Government have done great service to the cause of humanity. By their initiative the British and Empire Governments have been given the opportunity to unshackle German war prisoners. It is to be hoped that the German Government will seize the same opportunity and thus end a piece of nonsense which nearly carried us back to medieval days. I don't think there is one member of the British Government who liked the shackling business. But there are reports that Ribbentrop was even more insistent than Hitler that British prisoners should be shackled. Ribbentrop will never forget his many failures which started with his unfortunate sojourn in London as German Ambassador. He seems to be driven forward by the mania of his hate for this country.

Peace Cries

IN St. Peter's Square in Rome people massed and appealed to the Pope for peace. No matter how the Italian Government may try to gloss over this incident, there can be no doubt that it is most significant. Not only the ordinary people want peace, but also those who occupy higher positions. It would not surprise me if we do not receive peace overtures on behalf of Italy from the various capitals from now on. Already there have been whispers that if the British Government will listen there are people ready to attempt the overthrow of Mussolini. I do not believe, however, that Hitler can afford to allow this to happen. He must keep Mussolini where he is and fill the country with German soldiers. All the same, if it were possible to get Italy out of the war, it would not be long before Finland, where the people are just as restive, would also pull out.

Hitler must be very unhappy as he watches his Nazi Empire beginning to crumble before his eyes.

Oil Supply

EARLY in the war it was confidently forecast that Germany's oil resources would quickly be used up. These forecasts were not borne out before Hitler seized the Rumanian oil wells. But his failure to wrest the oilfields of

the Caucasus from Russia has undoubtedly put him on the spot. He has been compelled to decree that all motor cars, lorries and even oil-burning ships must in future rely on producer gas. Restriction of the use of oil for domestic purposes is equally stringent. All this must have an effect on his industrial machine, and above all on German transport at a time when, having lost the initiative, German lines of communication are stretched as they have never been before.



Prime Ministers, Past and Present, at 10 Downing Street

Mr. Winston Churchill entertained Mr. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister during the last war, and his daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P., to lunch, with Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, at Downing Street, after a recent secret session in Parliament. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton returned a short time ago from a visit to the United States, where he went to discuss Anglo-American war production and supplies

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

To Pay or Not to Pay

By James Agate

SATURDAY morning at Briny Bay. You must know that it rained and rained and rained. Well, after a time one gets tired of walking up and down the wrong side of the promenade in a mackintosh talking to aloof little dogs who really don't want to be talked to. You can't ask your hotel porter more than fifteen times in one morning if he thinks it's going to clear up. In short, I was bored. So, to relieve the boredom, I thought I would go to the pictures.

THE point I want to make here is the difference between normal and professional film-going. It is the same, I understand, with the normal reader of novels and the professional reviewer. As a critic I spend the afternoon finding faults in something approaching a masterpiece and being very cross about those faults. And then, later in the evening, I will curl up in bed and read with infinite pleasure a story of how the Duchess of Kennington's long-lost daughter with the Oval face would have been strangled with a banjo-string by a Chinese thug on a palm beach in Florida if the equally long-lost son of the Earl of St. Pancras hadn't swum to her rescue through a shark-infested sea.

Well, there's a moral to all this. And that moral is that the professional critic, if by the nature of things he cannot drop his profession altogether, should wear it as lightly as possible.

Dramatic critics think, of course, that after the performance of a new play the world can hardly breathe until it has read what they have to say about that play. They wonder, indeed, how it can sleep. Some foolish actors take them so seriously that after a first-night they don't go to bed until the morning papers have come out. Fancy sitting up all night to read a long account of the plot of the play—which they know much better than the critic—to see at the end of the notice: "Among others in an excellent cast was Mr. Macready Jones"!

BUT let me get back to the film I saw at Briny Bay. It began with a charming schoolgirl riding a bicycle and singing in choice Italian that aria from which *Two Lovely Black Eyes* was filched. Perhaps I wasn't quite as enchanted as the Bedlington terrier accommodated in a basket in front of the bicycle. Anyhow, I was filled with the sense of young America and the carefree charm of its small towns. Here let me say that I have no doubt that an American Thomas Hardy would find as much crime lurking in the hedgerows of an American small town as in your idyllic English village. But let that pass.

Presently it appeared that the little girl had a Mamma who was Kay Francis, complete with nostalgia and pearls. Nostalgia was for a divorced husband languishing in gaol on account of somebody who had become shot

after trying to frame the husband for a job of which he was innocent. But Kay was on the way to acquiring a second husband, a nice man who proceeded to give the little girl a new piano and her young brother a speed-boat. Then the first husband became pardoned and turned up to tune the old piano. And to him the little daughter, who, of course, didn't recognise her father, warbled *Una Voce* complete with cadenzas, and Daddy got his son, who likewise failed to recognise him, out of a terrible scrape with a knife-throwing Wop.

AND all this time the school concert, or jamboree or something of the sort, was drawing near. But before it happened there was a turn in the plot whereby the little girl put out to sea in her brother's speed-boat and, a storm coming on, had to be rescued by Daddy, who turned out to be a first-class swimmer. Nothing being so good for the voice as immersion in a rough sea, the child next day made a terrific success at the school concert—which, by the way, was broadcast—and sang that *Second Hungarian Rhapsody* to the accompaniment of some two score mouth-organs and piano-accordions. And the end of it all was that, to everyone's surprise, Kay re-married Daddy, and the kind gentleman in the Tuxedo slipped out of her life poorer only for one baby grand and one speed-boat. Incidentally, if little Gloria Warren sang the song entitled *Always In My Heart* once, she sang it a dozen times. Yet I give readers of THE TATLER my word that for the rest of the week-end I went about crooning—yes, positively crooning—some monstrous drivell to the effect that

Can't say exactly when,
But I know we'll meet again,
And, darling, tho' we part,
You'll be always in my heart.

The point, you see, was that I PAID FOR ADMISSION.

THE following Monday I hied me to the Odeon to see *The Pied Piper*. As I did not pay to be let in, I naturally assumed my sternest critical integrity. It seemed to me that the first part of the picture was utterly charming with its strange combination of fun and pathos, a mixture against which the most hardened filmgoer is still defenceless. I liked the way in which the children began to accrue insensibly, like the crescendo of orchestration in Bolero's *Ravel*. You may judge of the state of emotion in the house when I swear that these are the words I caught from my neighbour as he sought his handkerchief.

BUT then the film changed its quality and turned into one of those stories of pull-Nazi pull-victim. The German officer was brilliantly played, but one has begun to see enough of the browbeating of heroic Britons by bullying Prussians. As far as my memory serves, Monty Woolley collected five children only, and I wanted to see him collect at least fifty. I am afraid I didn't believe in the anxiety of the officer to see his semi-Jewish niece conveyed to safety; as a good Nazi he would have throttled her with his own hands. Or in that scene in which he came down to the beach to see the children to the boat which was taking them to England. How much more amusing if there had been some three score little rats, and if, taking a leaf out of that magnificent film *Emil and the Detectives*, they had at the last moment kidnapped the wicked Hun and taken him to England!

HOWEVER, let me repeat that I had not paid for admission. Had I done so I should doubtless have found the film superb. Even so, I went out into the street and added to the gaiety of the blackout by humming my version of Ravel's *Bolero*.



"The Pied Piper" is to be Generally Released on December 28th

Within sight of the coast, Mr. Howard, the modern Piper (Monty Woolley), is arrested by the Gestapo. He and Nicole (Anne Baxter) are taken to the Nazi headquarters together with the five children, the boatman and a kitten collected on their journeyings across France. In an attempt to break down their fearlessness and staunch resistance to Nazi methods of terrorism, they are led, hungry and cold, into the courtyard where German officers are about to sit down to a sumptuous meal. "This is what Germany has to offer her children," they are told. Young as they are, the sights these children have seen with their own eyes have taught them otherwise. Staunchly, they rally round the man who will lead them to safety



Greer Garson was among the first contingent of "Stars Over America." She is seen studying the map of her tour which started immediately her latest picture, "Random Harvest," with Ronald Colman, was completed

"Stars Over America" War Bond Selling Tour

Hollywood Stars Set Out On a Countrywide Defense Bond Drive



Charles Laughton found his railroad ticket the source of great amusement. He will be seen shortly co-starring with Gracie Fields in "The Man From Down Under"



Gene Tierney is a useful girl to have about the house. She can fix a poster as prettily as any one. Gene was last seen over here in "Shanghai Gesture"



Cary Grant and *Herbert Marshall* planned a joint campaign. Cary's latest picture over here is "Talk Of The Town," with Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman. Herbert Marshall was married to Lee Russell, the film actress, in 1940. A daughter was born in May this year



Irene Dunn was welcomed by members of the Emergency First Aid Motor Squad when she arrived at an Eastern city. She is to replace Myrna Loy as Mrs. Nick Charles in the next "Thin Man" film, now in course of production

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

It Happened in September (St. James's)

BUT not, one feels, quite in this way. The dramatist who bases the action of his play on topical history is liable to give hostages to realism. Particularly when that topical history has to carry and colour a personal story. Such dramatic surprises as the action must spring will depend less on those basic events, since they are common knowledge, than on the behaviour of the characters whose fortunes they govern. To this extent, therefore, neither the dramatist nor his characters are free agents. They have to take their primary cues, so to speak, from situations that are predetermined, and to defy the arbitrary dispositions of fate. The cunning dramatist accepts, may even welcome, these limitations. They enable him to concentrate on the delightful task of creating characters of such individuality, force, or charm, that their personal fortunes are lifted above the stress of arbitrary circumstance, or else throw fresh light on stale history.

Mr. Beverley Baxter is a downright, rather than such a cunning dramatist. He is less concerned with creating individual characters, or with moving us through their personal adventures, than with summarising and moral-

sense of duty to the theatre.

THE play opens with Sir Alexander's return from Germany, where he has seen and talked with Hitler. He is primed with totalitarian slogans, and is accompanied by a young German guest who, in the cause of German kultur, abuses his hospitality as only such a fanatic may. Sir Alexander's welcome home is quickly got over in favour of hearthrug orations and political shop which give the action an unsteady start between social comedy and frank burlesque. This imposes an initial handicap which neither the play nor its argument successfully overcome. For while the passage of time and the shadows of war bring tragedy to the characters and grave eloquence to the argument, this recurrent light relief seems either intrusive or perfunctory.

Perhaps the nearest approach to acceptable drama is the love affair between Sir Alexander's dilettante son and the daughter of a neighbour,



The artistic young Englishman, Gerald Banstead (Richard Curnock) in love with Prudence Wainwright (Anne Firth), dislikes the attentions of the young Hitlerite Siegfried Zeigler (John Nicholson)

the crash of bombs. But while great events are thus recalled and annotated, and some passages in the play have a not impertinent eloquence, we do not feel that political wisdom has been seriously advanced or theatrical history made.

THE acting is middling to good. Sir Alexander has in Mr. Gordon McLeod a firm and effective sponsor, and we welcome with pleasure the presence of Miss Eva Moore in



Sir Alexander Banstead, M.P. (Gordon McLeod) fresh from a triumphant tour of Nazi Germany, demonstrates the goose step to his astonished family



Aunt Ella (Eva Moore) does her bit digging trenches. She is encouraged in her efforts by the loquacious Captain Grigson (Harry Hilliard)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Chaufeur-turned-sailor (Derek R. Dare) gets the best out of life with his laughter-loving wife (Joan Kemp-Welch)

ising upon the political history of England during the past few years. The four scenes of his play are dated September, 1937, 1938, 1939, and 1940 consecutively; and the events associated with those dates are landmarks in the history of the present war. As a successful journalist and member of parliament he moves at ease in the technique of politics. His asides have a professional intimacy. But his characters—the household and some neighbours of Sir Alexander Banstead, M.P.—are chosen, it would seem, less for their personal idiosyncrasies than for the service which, as types, they can give to his exposition. And even so, they seem to waver at times between devotion to that service and a somewhat inconvenient

which runs such a ruffled course. Never very stable, it crashes through the intervention of the young Nazi, but is pieced together in the end by the crashing of both boys as airmen in the service of their respective countries.

Time marches on with annual strides; and with the shifting of each scene, the presiding portrait that hangs on the staircase changes to that of the current Prime Minister. Thus Mr. Baldwin gives place to Mr. Chamberlain, and the fears and false ecstasies of Munich, and he in turn to the reassuring effigy of Mr. Churchill. Realism is assisted by such incidental effects as the gramophone-recorded speeches of the war leaders, syren alerts, and

the cast. Her kindly, shrewd performance has both charm and grace, though her part is a poor one. The young people, Miss Anne Firth, Mr. Richard Curnock, and Mr. John Nicholson, give creditable accounts of youth somewhat self-consciously marred and mended by war, and Mr. Harry Hilliard, as a political agent, knits, trifles and rhapsodises with a devotion to duty that would not be overtaxed by song and dance.

That solitary dissident among the gods who, at curtain-fall on the first performance of this didactic drama, set the groundlings counter-applauding, delivered a verdict which, though impolitely worded, was uncompromising rather than unjust.



Suki, the Peke, Enjoys the Morning Practice Hour

Eileen Bennett Comes to Town

Her First Stage Part is Juvenile
Lead in "Arsenic and Old Lace"

Twenty-year-old Eileen Bennett will make her West End debut at the Strand Theatre on December 23rd in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, an American comedy by John Kesselring which has already been running for two years at the Fulton Theatre, New York. Eileen has already appeared in several films, among them *Much Too Shy*, with George Formby, and *Thursday's Child*, with Wilfred Lawson and Kathleen O'Regan. *Arsenic and Old Lace* is being produced by Marcel Varnel, who directed Miss Bennett, and formed a high opinion of her ability, when she appeared in *Much Too Shy*. She was trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and, whenever her stage and screen contracts permit, spends her time in an aircraft research factory helping in experiments on non-inflammable clothing. Her first West End contract will give her the opportunity of playing with such established favourites as Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne and Frank Pettingell

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick





Mrs. David Philips Entertains a Few Friends at Her London Flat

Major A. Hanson-Lawson was a guest, and Lady Erleigh helped her sister, Mrs. David Philips, entertain. They are the daughters of Captain Percy Duke, and Lady Erleigh married the Marquess of Reading's son and heir in 1941. Her son was born last May



Mrs. Benavides (Angela Tod that was) and Mrs. Blake, widow of Sub-Lieut. Michael Blake, Lady Twysden's son, were two more at the party. Mrs. Blake was formerly Diana Tyrwhitt-Drake. Both she and Mrs. Benavides are doing war jobs

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Pantomime 1942

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Princess Margaret have followed up their very successful production of *Cinderella* last year with an entirely new presentation of *The Sleeping Princess*. Princess Elizabeth, who is the principal performer as well as the producer-in-chief, is a keen follower of contemporary newspapers and news bulletins, and a number of very topical quips have been added by her to the old, old story. Two performances, attended by the King and Queen, a number of Household officials and a big contingent of soldiers stationed near by, were given last week-end, and the Royal Household Knitting Fund has benefited considerably. Both Princesses are

fond of the theatre, and both take their acting, singing and tap-dancing lessons seriously, and are competent little actresses.

Christmas Plans

IT is possible that other performances may be given later on, for their Majesties have invited the Duchess of Kent and her three children to spend Christmas with them. Princess Olga will be returning to her own family in Kenya shortly. Her journey has been postponed owing to the illness of Mme. Ralli, one of the Duchess of Kent's oldest friends and a very familiar figure in both London and Paris Society before the war. Queen Mary has decided to stay in the West

Country, where she is planning all sorts of hospitality and entertainment for troops who are stationed locally. The Queen Mother continues to set us all a wonderful example of self-denial. She will not be with her family this Christmas because we have all been asked not to travel, and Queen Mary claims no special privilege for herself.

News For Leicestershire Followers

I HEARD news the other day of Major-General John Vaughan, a fine horseman, and a beloved and well-known figure in Leicestershire before the war. For some years he and his wife ran superbly the Craven Lodge Club at Melton. This club was a residential club run entirely for hunting people; the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, had a special wing there. It was tremendously patronised by Americans, who appreciated all the comfort and facilities they got at Craven Lodge when they wanted a "season" in Leicestershire, without the worry of renting a house and staff. Many members came back year after year. General and Mrs. Vaughan are now living quietly at Dolgelley, in North Wales, which was his home as a child. The General, who was at one time a famous cavalry soldier, first saw active service in 1896, when he served with his regiment, the 7th Hussars, in the relief of Matabelle. Later he served through the South African War, during which he was awarded the D.S.O. amongst other decorations. Then, again, he went right through the Great European War, being awarded the Légion d'Honneur as well as C.B. and C.M.G. Now this gallant soldier, though too old to rejoin the Forces, is always ready to help others who are serving their country. I heard of this act of kindness on his part the other day from Major Fuller, a well-known horseman in Toronto, who is serving over here with the Canadian Forces. Major Fuller decided he would like to try to have a few days' hunting (realising it would only be "wartime" hunting) in England when he got his next leave. He had never hunted over here, but his wife had come over and hunted from Craven Lodge some years ago. So Major Fuller wrote to General Vaughan and asked him "if he could help him, and recommend somewhere to stay, and if it was still possible somewhere to hire reliable horses?" To his surprise and great delight, the reply came back from General Vaughan saying that he had fixed it all up; he had telephoned a great friend, the Master of a very famous Leicestershire pack, and this M.F.H. would be delighted to have Major Fuller to be his guest, and to "mount him," too, for his leave! It is always nice to hear of real hospitality being extended to our friends from across the Atlantic, who show us such wonderful hospitality when we visit them.



Lady Jersey Turns Her Hand to Cooking

The Countess of Jersey, who does so much already for the welfare of Polish officers in England, is helping at an American Red Cross Club in London, and seems to be very proficient in the art of making griddle cakes. Formerly Virginia Cherril, star of "City Lights" and other films, she married the Earl of Jersey, as his second wife, five years ago



Lord and Lady Winchilsea were dining together one night in London. Lord Winchilsea, formerly a Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R., rejoined the Navy as a temporary Sub-Lieut. last August. He married the daughter of Count Laszlo Szechenyi, a former Hungarian Minister in London, in 1935



Mrs. Eion Merry and W/Cdr. Arthur Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, A.F.C., were another couple at the same restaurant. The Wing Commander won his D.F.C. in 1941, for leading several fighter sweeps over Northern France, destroying numbers of enemy aircraft and damaging buildings

People on Leave Dining Out in London

War-Workers

THE other day I met pretty little Mrs. Nigel Gibbs (née Peggy Paget, daughter of Lord Victor Paget), who was having a morning off from her work in an insurance office. She has taken on this job as her war work in order to free a man to go into the Services. She is with a firm that has evacuated just outside London for the duration. Mrs. Gibbs, whose husband, Nigel Gibbs, was killed fighting with his regiment, the 8th Hussars, in Libya this summer, has one small son, Michael, who has just started going to day school. Mrs. Gibbs and Michael have been living with her mother and stepfather, the Earl and Countess of Drogheda, in the country since her husband went overseas. The Earl of Drogheda has been joint director of the Ministry of Economic Warfare since 1940, and his only son, Viscount Moore, is working on Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's staff at the Ministry of Supply. Viscount Moore's wife and small son have been in America since 1940, and when he was in the States recently with his "Chief," he was able to see something of them. Viscountess Moore was, before her marriage in 1935, Miss Joan Carr, of B.B.C. fame. The Earl of Drogheda's only daughter, Lady Patricia Latham, is also in America with her young son, Richard, so it is nice for Lord Drogheda to have his step-grandson living with him, while his own two grandchildren are away.

And Others Busy On the War Effort

THE Hon. Mrs. Vandy Beatty is another of the women who are working in khaki. Mrs. Beatty, who is Lord Southampton's second daughter, was in the M.T.C. for some time, but she has since transferred to the A.T.S., which service she joined in the ranks; she has got on well, and is now at an O.C.T.U. training for a commission. Another member of the M.T.C. is Mrs. Cyril Heber-Percy; she has driven for this Corps since soon after the outbreak of war. Major and Mrs. Heber-Percy gave up their lovely home, Cowley Manor, in Gloucestershire, to a girls' school which had to evacuate at the beginning of the war, and have turned a small farmhouse on the estate into a home for their own children, and headquarters for themselves when war duties permit. Major Heber-Percy is in the Welsh Guards, and fought with this regiment in France in 1940, winning the M.C. for bravery. He is, like many of the Heber-Percys, a very fine horseman, and has been Master of the Cotswold Hounds since 1934, hunting the pack himself. His wife is also a good horsewoman, and as she was born and brought up in Warwickshire—a keen hunting county—this is not surprising! Before her marriage, Mrs. Heber-Percy was Anne Garland, the youngest daughter of the late Charles Garland, who owned Moreton Morrell, in Warwickshire,

which had, among other things, an enormous covered riding school, and one of the few "real" tennis-courts in this country. I think there are still only about twenty of these courts in the whole of the British Isles. Mrs. Heber-Percy's two sisters are Mrs. Carlos-Clarke and Lady Throckmorton, who married Sir Robert Throckmorton this year. She is now in Trinidad.

Sporting Occasions

THE tracks of tanks wear out quickly, and so to save them, the tanks are loaded on to carriers and transported to the scenes of distant exercise. The loading and unloading processes are very like getting horses in and out of loose boxes, and the sight of several of these huge monsters careering temperamentally aboard their conveyances recalls a grand meet of hounds in happier times. Mr. Gordon Tozer, Colonel Tozer's son, was directing these operations one morning in the beret which the guards now wear when actually dealing with their new medium of warfare. Soon they are going to have khaki berets instead of the black ones worn by the original Tank Corps.

Hunting is modified, but not extinguished. The Leicestershire Yeomanry, in particular, have been trying out the possibilities of the West Country. And there is beagling, which Captain Bobbie Steele is keen on. Major Sir Hugh Cholmeley was one of the field on an icy day. Captain Freddie Hennessy and Mr. Tom Blackwell gallantly stood up to it on a hill-top golf course. Captain Hennessy has a delicious, but capricious, Dalmatian called Araminta, who makes friends with all other dogs except the other available Dalmatian. This distinguished creature belongs to Mr. Corbett, who is one of Lord and Lady Rowallan's sons.

Entertainment Afoot

CHRISTMAS for the Guardsmen will be enriched by their own revue, which is being got up by Captain Brian Johnstone, Mr. Freddie Shaughnessy, Captain Timothy Tufnell and Mr. Guy Howard. Captain Tufnell is chief glamour girl and does an exciting song and dance; the programme is, as one might say, "packed with delightful surprises," chiefly thought up by Captain Johnstone and

(Concluded on page 376)



A Welsh Family with Three Sons in the Welsh Guards

Of the eight children of the late Sir David Llewellyn, Bt., and Lady Llewellyn, of St. Fagan's Court, Glamorgan, six are serving in the Forces. Here is Lady Llewellyn with some of her family. At the back, Captain Rhidian Llewellyn, M.C., Captain Sir Rhys Llewellyn, the present Baronet, and Lieut. David Llewellyn are all in the Welsh Guards. In front are Joyce, a Flying Officer in the W.A.A.F.; Lady Llewellyn Clare, the youngest of the family, who works at the Foreign Office, and Elizabeth, a Wing Officer in the W.A.A.F.

Hay Wrightson

Cliveden for the Nation

Lord Astor's Magnificent Gift
to the National Trust



These two historic portraits are included in Lord Astor's gift. They are the Countess of Shrewsbury and her lover, the Duke of Buckingham, first owner of Cliveden. In 1668 Lady Shrewsbury was the cause of a duel between her husband and the Duke, in which Lord Shrewsbury was killed

The balustrade on the south side of the house, beside which Lord and Lady Astor are standing, was brought from the Villa Borghese, Rome. Lady Astor, as M.P. for the Sutton Division of Plymouth since 1919, has the distinction of being the first woman to sit in the House of Commons. A daughter of the late Colonel Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, of Virginia, she married Lord Astor, as her second husband, in 1906. A monetary endowment for the upkeep of Cliveden is also being provided by Lord Astor



Books Line the Walls of this Drawing-Room



Carved Figures Decorate the Main Staircase



An Elaborate Fireplace from the Spitzer Collection



A fine herd of cattle wander peacefully in the fields. Behind them are the famous Cliveden Woods, stretching for a mile along the Thames, now the property of the National Trust



The great house stands commandingly above Cliveden Reach, one of the most beautiful stretches of the River Thames, already for some years protected by a planning scheme



Cliveden, the Third House on the Site, Built in 1850 by Sir Charles Barry

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

TOYSHOPS are asking such prices this Christmas—25s. for a rag doll was recently reported, and we have seen with these eyes a piece of wood about nine inches long representing a cruiser and priced at 15s.—that the British nursery will doubtless have to do without those elaborate toys it turns its back on year by year. Poor Uncle George will suffer most, having no electric railway to muck up.

What is more regrettable, our spies report, is that a well-known craftsman on the South Coast who makes marvellous scale-models for museums and connoisseurs of every kind of boat from a fishing-smack to a Spanish galleon of the line is unable to get the proper seasoned woods, mahogany especially. No right-minded person will need to be told that this is the happiest human occupation but one in the world, next to horse-coping and rigging the markets; though we don't doubt that the aboriginals of Haslemere (Surrey) pause often in their sordid occupations to listen with dull surprise to the carols of the Dolmetsch family as they chip away at those charming clavichords, spinets, and harpsichords they make.

Normally a happy man, Eric Gill (we watched him more than once) didn't sing much as he was carving those huge figures in the foyer of Broadcasting House, but as the B.B.C. atmosphere or miasma would strike the Nine Choirs of Angels dumb and rot the essential guts of a clock-work cuckoo this is not remarkable.

Slip

ALWAYS fascinated by the horsey world, we observed with interest that a 2000-guinea yearling filly which disappeared from a Newmarket bloodstock sale recently has now been returned, having been taken away in genuine mistake.

It's easy to mistake one horse for another, and this and other mishaps have led to a lot of unfortunate misjudgment of horsey chaps—for example, Mr. Sponge, whose cry "I'm too much of a gentleman! I should have had five 'undred!" after that little misunderstanding with Mr. Waffles over the brown horse rings in our ears night and day. On the Turf there was the Running Rein gang-scandal of the 1840's, the alleged pulling or poisoning of one or two other more recent Derby favourites, and so forth. Such reflections on the honour of the horsey

world have caused it to go permanently bandy in the legs.

"A nice leg for a boot, sir!" cry West End bootmakers as they measure the lean shanks of hunting neophytes. They know those lissom calves will grow thinner and thinner, more and more bowed-as the years roll on, owing to injustice and the malice of wicked tongues, which does not spare even a point-to-point. On the other hand, horsey men's faces grow more and more long, patient, kind, suffering, and virtuous, like the faces of their dumb chums, and they are often mistaken by old ladies for cricketers. Life's compensations, you observe.

Opus

A LIGHT-MINDED fribble's remark the other day that if Delius were alive he could set the Beveridge Report as a tone-poem for orchestra, chorus, and soli, is not so whimsy as it sounds, in our deplorable view. £4 for a baby, £20 for a funeral—



"Calling Brigadier Wotherspoon—
calling Brigadier Wotherspoon"

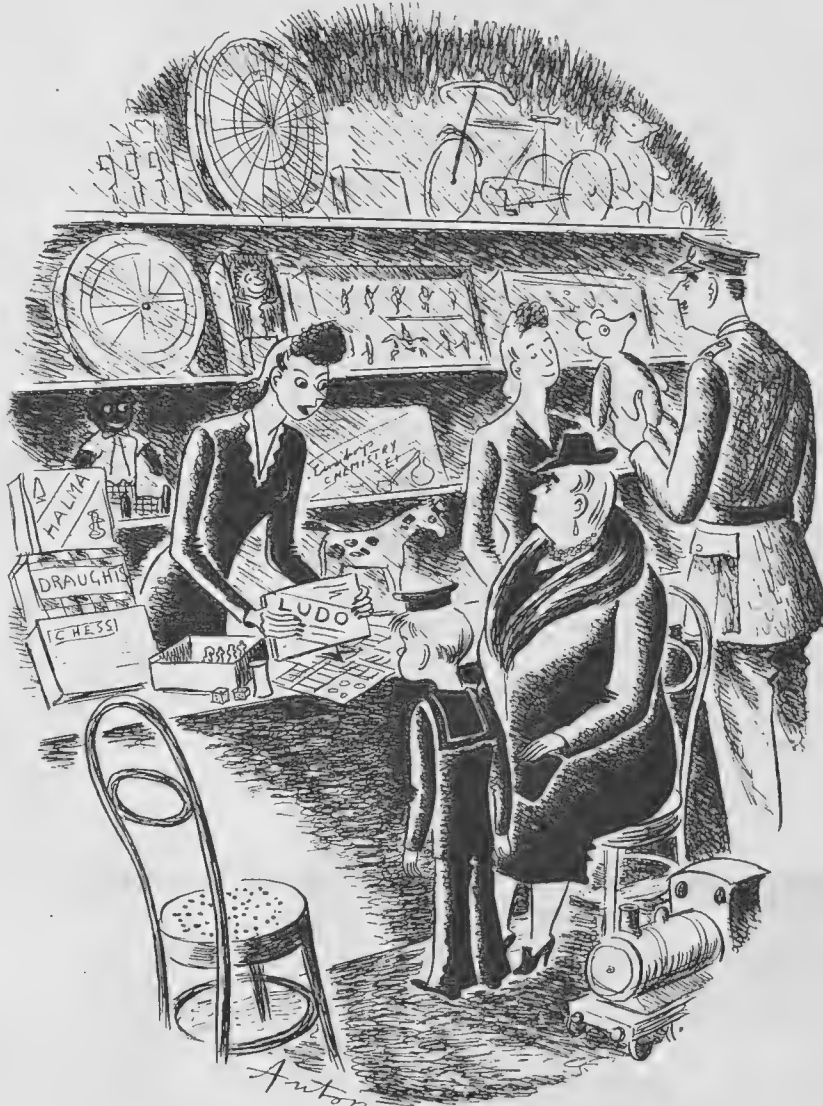
a master could make some thrilling symphonic music out of that theme, to begin with.

Some kind of massive opera-oratorio on the lines of Milhaud's *Christophe Colomb*, with incidental film episodes, would do the Beveridge Muse even more justice, maybe; after each choral passage had crashed to a thundering crescendo the Spirit of Progress, or Australian Claret, or what not, could be heard inquiring in a plaintive aria where the hell all the dough was coming from. (Walton in his *Belshazzar's Feast* mood is the obvious composer.) And a spirited ballet-divertissement to end with could be built up by the Sadler's Wells boys from Sir Ernest Benn's cadences in the *Daily Telegraph*: "The Beveridge Report offers money: there is perhaps nothing else it could offer. It pays a measure of lip-service to the danger of inflation, but it is, indeed, mere lip-service." Many an outsize prima ballerina could waddle on and play Inflation getting lip-service, a brilliant triple-entrecôte-farci leading to five variations on a schproum-double-velouté and ending in a grand krach total aux truffes. For décor, the Bedlam scene from *The Rake's Progress* might serve, possibly.

Chum

ONE of Damon Runyon's guys remarks of a citizen named Ikey that he'd look swell at Christmas, undressed, on all fours, in a window, with an orange in his mouth; which shows what pigs have to endure from guys, even when the Government isn't taking a crack at them.

The Government is now doing this, by cutting pigs' barley-rations to the bone,
(Concluded on page 366)



"Perhaps you and the little boy would like to play
a trial game before you finally decide"

Artists and Their Art

Conductor, Painter
and Sculptress



Anatole Fistoulari and His Wife, Anna Mahler, Live and Work in Bayswater

● Anatole Fistoulari, the young Russian conductor, and his sculptress wife, Anna Mahler, are a talented pair. Anatole, a son of Gregor Fistoulari, one-time director of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic College, made his first public appearance at the age of seven, conducting Tchaikowski's Sixth Symphony. On settling in Paris he became Chaliapin's conductor, and later conducted for the Ballet Russe of Monte Carlo. He served during the war in the French Army, being finally evacuated to this country, where he met and married the daughter of the great Austrian composer, the late Gustav Mahler, director for ten years of the Viennese Opera House. Anna Mahler studied sculpture in Rome and Paris, won the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition of 1937, and has done busts of many famous musicians and statesmen

*Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



Miss Ethel Walker Has Returned to Her Chelsea Studio

● Miss Ethel Walker, C.B.E., A.R.A., R.B.A., is one of Britain's greatest living woman painters. Many of her works hang in the provincial galleries, and one of the best-known, "Nausicaa," was purchased by the Tate Gallery, while her famous seascape, "The Storm," is now in the possession of the Ashmolean. She studied at the Notting Hill Gallery, the Slade School, and later in Madrid and in Paris. She was invited to exhibit and be present at the St. Louis Exhibition in America, and since then has acquired an international reputation. Miss Walker has now returned to live in her house in Cheyne Walk which suffered from the bombs of 1940. Her other home is the White Gate, at Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire, where she is able, from her studio window, to paint the sea she loves so much



Standing By ...

(Continued)

or grain, and the reaction in Arcadia, we may tell you, is angry. That old folksong about the loved one with the yearning refrain:

Oi'd raäther 'ug moy Sarah
Than Vaärmer's vat pig.
Ri-tooral-i-ay (etc.).

—has never really mirrored Arcadian feeling. Down our way the loved one (whom nobody likes very much as a rule) is liable to be pushed into the alley *pronto* if there's any question of the pig population having to suffer.

For we esteem the jovial and kindly pig with his merry little eye, we love his friendly gambols, and we love especially the price he fetches nowadays when properly fattened. If the Government chooses not to play ball, good enough (we say); you Lunnon dumbledores get no pork. On second thoughts (we add, scratching our heads) you can have the loved one.

Plea

THERE'S an old trousered sob sister in Fleet Street who doesn't understand the ethics of salutes in the Army, never having been in it, and keeps quoting various battalion orders about slack saluting with a sarcastic cry of "Is this preparation for battle?" Somebody should tell him.

We often wonder, musing on this theme, what happened to the Young Man in the Suede Shoes, whom we saw one day in Pall Mall a couple of years ago, wearing one pip and the badge of a decent regiment. Like the Fleet Street oracle above, he apparently deemed discipline to be merely fascist rot. Next time we saw him, a week later, he was wearing regulation brown shoes. Our

deduction is that his Colonel had begged him to reconsider his decision.

We don't know the form these interviews take nowadays, but in our time sherry and biscuits were offered and the Colonel led very carefully up to the subject for fear of hurting a chap's feelings, or else blurted it out with a nervous blush.

"I wonder if you'd mind my mentioning it—I do think people look so much smarter in gloves."

"Oh, do you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, this regiment has always been rather keen about it. You don't mind?"

"Well . . ."

"Of course, one doesn't want to seem *harsh* or *unreasonable*. Would you wear gloves just to please me?"

That pleading in the Old Man's eyes! Few newly-joined subalterns could ever resist it.

Trip

SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS, one of the three leading war correspondents of 1914-18, struck a pleasantly subacid note in the *Times* recently, recalling how war correspondents were straight-jacketed for three years and how, late in 1918, there were conducted tours to the Front for distinguished civilians ("Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Murray, and Horatio Bottomley are names that occur to me"), and journalists.

These and other bigwigs, Sir William might have added, amused the troops greatly as they dodged round the safe areas with their keepers, especially Bottomley, Tribune of the People, who failed to some extent to detect the irony in the cheers he got.

The troops thought the big bonnets funny except when the troops were wet, exhausted, or fresh from a tough spot, when they cursed them. What good these Cook's trips did we could never discover, except that in Mr. Shaw's case it probably confirmed



"Take that damned Home Guard hat off, and stop swankin'!"

previous impressions noted in the wellknown clerihow:

Mr. Bernard Shaw
Was just setting out for the War,
When he heard it was a dangerous trade,
And demonstrably underpaid.

However, the idea, if properly carried out, is not unsound, judging by our memory of a very scared demagogue indeed who had a wicked escort and got up too far to the rough stuff. To pop a few of our current big-mouths into the present front line in Tunisia, for example, might do some good, even if they survived.

Pantomime

MARKING Shakespeare beta-minus for the witchcraft scenes in *Macbeth*, which he claimed were just low pantomime and a blot on the play, a terribly refined critic boy the other day seemed to forget that those witches apparently belonged to the booksy racket.

In the First Folio Shakespeare seems to indicate this clearly:

An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.
Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH: When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 WITCH: When the hurly-burly's done,
When we've had some booksy fun.

(Enter Macbeth)

MACB.: Excuse me. (Goes out.)

3 WITCH: Dirty Gertie's latest tripe
Warns us that the time is ripe.

1 WITCH: Much, much worse than Bertha's
rot—
We must put her on the spot.

(Re-enter Macbeth)

MACB.: I beg your pardon. (Goes out.)

2 WITCH: If it's me you're getting at
I will bust you one, you cat!

3 WITCH: Go on, Opal! Let her try!
Poke the haybag in the eye!

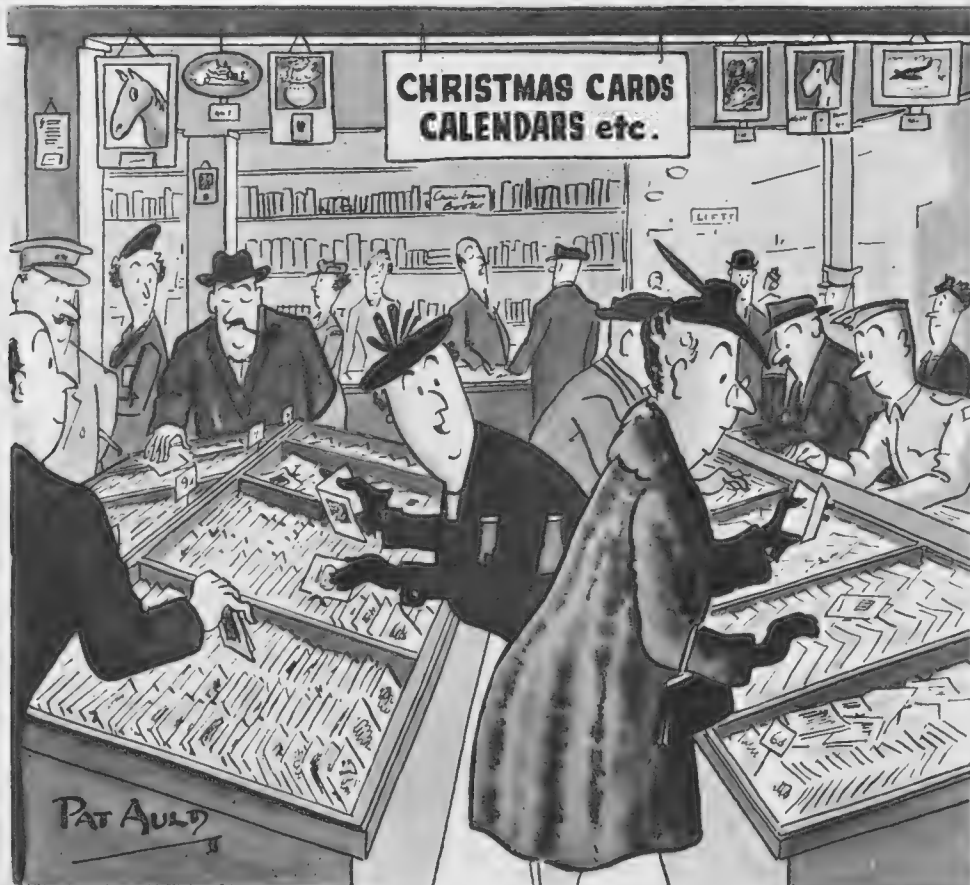
(They fight. Thunder and lightning. The spirits of Galsworthy, Romain Rolland, and Priestley rise. Nobody takes any notice. Re-enter Macbeth, hastily.)

MACB.: I wonder if you could tell me the way—
OUCH!

(Witches vanish.)

Shakespeare rewrote the whole scene later. Nobody knows why, except that he was evidently afraid of somebody.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Which would you say is the more seasonable—three goldfish in a bowl, or a coloured map of Bedfordshire?"



Dorothy Thompson keeps a "doodling" pad on her table for use while telephoning

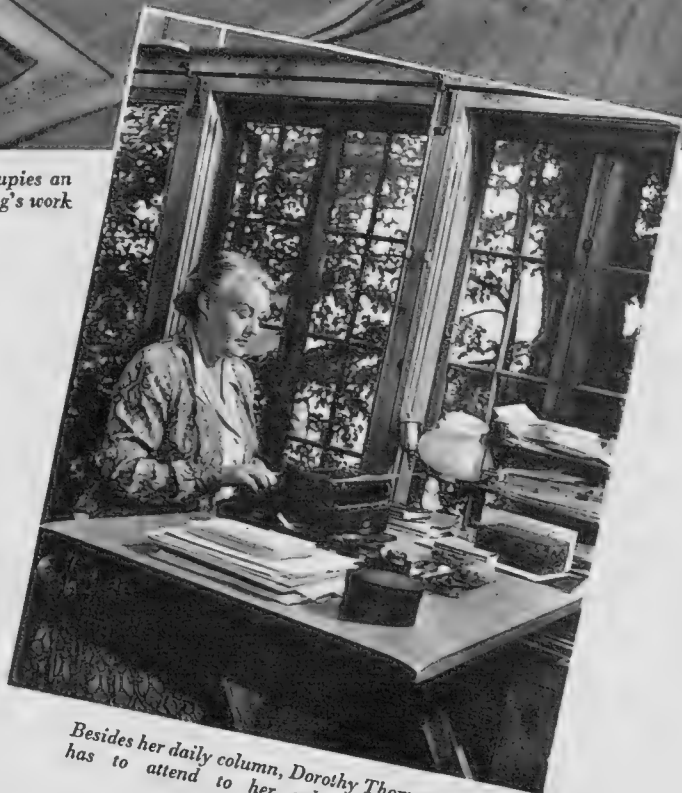


Reading the daily press occupies an important part of the morning's work

Dynamic Dorothy

America's Famous Woman
Journalist and Broadcaster
in Her Vermont Home

Expelled by Hitler from Germany in 1934, Dorothy Thompson worked ceaselessly for many years with voice and pen to rouse the American people from a false sense of security, and to urge them to prepare for war. Her success in journalism and radio, and her enormous influence in the U.S.A. caused Isolationists and pro-Nazis to insult and ridicule her, but her popularity became so great that in one year alone she received seven thousand invitations to speak. A tireless worker, she employs three secretaries, has a beautiful house in East 48th Street, New York, and when in need of respite from the tension of the City she retires to her country home in Vermont, where these pictures were taken. Twice married, Dorothy Thompson was granted a divorce from her second husband, Sinclair Lewis, novelist and Isolationist, in January this year. Her son, twelve-year-old Michael, is, she says, the only person who can defeat her in argument



Besides her daily column, Dorothy Thompson has to attend to her voluminous mail



Eric in "Family Failing"

Leslie Henson—a Great Comedian

As He Appears in Eight "Fine and Dandy" Sketches

For thirty years, Leslie Henson has been dispensing mirth and merriment to millions. He is one of our greatest living comedians, a public benefactor not only in the joy and happiness he has given to countless others, but also in the generosity of his giving. He never refuses himself or his art to a good cause. Golf is his hobby, but in wartime he can have little time for it, for nearly every Sunday throughout the year he is entertaining troops in some part of the country. In ten years he has collected over £100,000 for charitable organisations. Vice-president of the Actors' Orphanage and Vice-president of British Equity, Mr. Henson is an ardent worker for the theatre and the well-being of its people. He is a signatory of "the actors' sit-down strike," the protest of the Stage against the action taken by the Lord's Day Observance Society in stopping Sunday performances in aid of charity. Sixty-eight leading actors and actresses are joint-signatories with Leslie Henson. It is estimated that between them they have raised over a million pounds for various charities in the past decade. It is a great record. May it long continue



Mr. Sprott in "No Posies for Miss Parsons"



The Home Guard in "On Guard"



Hen Henson in "Laying J"



The Impresario in "A Story of the Steppes"

Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



Mr. Hardman in "Utility Suit"



Victory"



Professor Woad in "Radio Round-Up"



One of the Guests in "The Party's On"

Family Portraits Out of Doors



Compton Collier

Mrs. Anthony Nutting and Johnnie

Mrs. Anthony Nutting, the former Gillian Strutt, was married in 1941 to the second son of Sir Harold Nutting, Master of the Quorn Foxhounds. Her husband is now working at the War Office. Johnnie was born this year. Mrs. Nutting is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Strutt, of Wick, Hatfield Pererel



Clapperton, Selkirk

The Hon. Mrs. Dallmeyer with Her Mother and Children

Mrs. Christopher Dallmeyer is the youngest sister of Lord Kinross. Her husband, Major C. J. Y. Dallmeyer, is serving with the Lothian and Border Yeomanry, R.A.C., and in his absence, her mother, the Lady Kinross, is staying with her at Whitelee, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire. Mrs. Dallmeyer has two children, Robina, aged two (Lady Kinross's sixth granddaughter), and Gavin, who is seven months and Lady Kinross's first grandson



Keturah Collings

Captain and Mrs. C. R. N. Bishop and John Nicholas

Captain and Mrs. Bishop are the fortunate possessors of a very lovely home in Shropshire, Shipton Hall, where this photograph with their son, John Nicholas, was taken recently. Captain Bishop, who is in the South Staffordshire Regiment, married Miss Margaret Mary (Margie) Eyston, of Hendred, Berkshire, in 1939. The three dogs are Judy the greyhound, Sally the whippet and Lita the terrier, bred by Fred Holland, huntsman to the late Mr. A. Paget Steavenson, of the Old Berkshire Foxhounds



Swaebe

Mrs. Bet Philips and Michael

Mrs. Bet Philips is the daughter of the Rev. Humphrey Barclay, M.C., Chaplain to the Royal Household at Windsor Great Park. Her husband, Captain Philips, was killed at Calais, and Mrs. Philips and her eighteen-month-old son Michael are now living with her parents in Windsor

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Merry Christmas To Us Every One! And Many Merrier!

"Then *Espérance*"

It is quite unnecessary to quote the rest of the line, and the ones that follow it, in Whyte-Melville's beautiful poem. It is only desirable to impress upon ourselves that they are as true as some others in another of his poems are untrue. "All the To-morrows" will not be "as to-day"! They never have been that way, come bad or come good. There is another thing which we are so apt to fail to remember: To-morrow's Seven Thousand Years are bound to be almost exactly like Yesterday's Seven Thousand, just "curate's egg," like everything else—very good in patches, very bad in other patches—but none of the patches lasting throughout the length and breadth of the æons. No one may have the chance to do the pleasant things we used to do in quite the same way, whatever his particular poison may have been, but it is all certain to come back in some form or other, which will seem to be just as good to the man who is in "next wicket" as the former things seemed to the man back in the pavilion taking off his pads. So why worry, so long as everyone who is on the right side of the walls of Bedlam, sees to it that Humgruffin is banished from this good earth and put back in that Nether Malboge from which he managed to escape?

Bread and Circuses

THE wily Roman who said that these things were the only real panacea for a suffering humanity, which had been treated with undue harshness by cruel fate, knew what he was talking about; but if he had elaborated his idea, he might have gone on to remark that it is no use giving people games unless you first fill that aching void of quite nameable sorrow caused by lodgings to let under the waistcoat. There will be no assured supply of "bread"

until The Locust is exterminated, and that can only be thoroughly accomplished by refraining from doing the same stupid thing twice. We shall get neither bread nor circuses if we allow The Locust to remain. For our own preservation we must turn a deaf ear to the whining cry for "butter." We gave the German the money for it last time, and he bought "guns." We have found them very expensive. The Germans have an old saying which, translated into English, goes this way:

"He who has once lied is never again believed, even if he tells the truth!"

It will be a useful saying to remember when next we hear the tearful moan for "butter"!

An Anchored Christmas

THOUGH we have loyally obeyed the exhortation not to travel unless there is an urgent reason which compels us to do so, it is nevertheless true that a good many of us feel as much anchored as our forefathers used to do when the reports came in that the snowdrifts were too deep to make even a journey to Hounslow possible. And even when we do travel (for business only) we grouse because the trains are cold and there is no food other than that which the thoughtful takes with him.

Yet we have no right to grouse at all, for even the most uncomfortable train of our days is luxurious compared to the things which our great-great-grandfathers had to use if they wanted to go and spend a thoroughly merry Christmas (as depicted on the Christmas cards, and in the attractive-coloured picture pages of Christmas journals), with those jolly, red-faced people addicted to wassail bowls and four bottles of black-strap! These were also produced for us by the Christmas artists. Straw on the coach floorboards, fleas, frozen noses, High Toby gentlemen smelling of strong waters who took all their money and, if they were nasty about it, were quite capable of leaving them tied up to a tree (minus their breeches and

boots)—these were only a few of the little disadvantages those hardy ancestors had to face up to even in quite modern times. And the Christmas-card people have done their best to make us believe that those forerunners thought it all rather good fun. That is just about as true as that other Christmas-card fiction—foxhunting in deep snow.

The Romance of the Road

WHILST those of this modern generation quite candidly admit that there is nothing in the least romantic about railway porters shouting out words (possibly the names of stations) in an unknown tongue, on either a dark night or in a thick fog which reduces visibility to nothing, was there much romance about having a horse-pistol stuck through the coach window and hearing the owner yell: "Your money or your—life!"? Was the highwayman any more romantic than the porter of Muddelcombe-in-the-Mud, who not only does not know the name of his own station, but could not recall even his own name without a severe mental struggle? I take leave to doubt it, and I throw in even Claude du Vall (not Duval) for makeweight. He was, as it may be recalled, the most romantic thing in highwaymen that history has handed down to us. Yet he was not, in actual fact, any more so than any smash-and-grab operator with a fast car who bashes in the window of a Bond Street jeweller and sweeps the contents into a bag. Claude du Vall was not a French nobleman, or in any way a cultured person, though history has tried to ram him down our necks as such. His father was a miller at Domfront, in Normandy, his mother a tailor's daughter. He took to petty theft quite early on, fled to Paris, and when that city also got too hot to hold him, came over to England at the time of the Restoration, got a job as second footman to the Duke of Richmond, and eventually took to the road. He rose so rapidly in his profession that, in a proclamation offering rewards for many notoriety of the times, his name stood first. Later, of course, someone made a song about the "handsome and cultured" Gentleman of the Road, in which it was related that he never robbed any pretty woman, and only demanded that she should dance a gay sarabande with him on the dewy grass of Hounslow Heath (his special "manor"), and give him a kiss at parting. In appearance he was very like Charles II., only better looking, and it is said that Old Rowley was quite sad about his double's



Wedding at Alnwick

Captain E. Greville Joy and Miss Rachel Mary Neilson were married at Alnwick Parish Church recently. Mrs. Joy is the only daughter of the late Major Neilson (at one time joint-Master of the West Percy Foxhounds), and of Mrs. Neilson, of Middle Ord, Berwick-on-Tweed



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford v. Cambridge

Cambridge found the winning team in the recent inter-Varsity Rugby football match at Oxford. The two captains, D. A. B. Garton-Sprenger (Oxford) and G. T. Wright (Cambridge) are seen standing each side of the referee, Lieut.-Colonel L. H. F. Sanderson



Essex County Cricketer Now a Soldier

Peter Smith, the well-known cricketer, is serving with the Essex Regiment. He is seen here demonstrating the efficiency of a portable field wireless set to Mr. J. L. Hodson, of the B.B.C., who recently visited the regiment and studied their field manoeuvres



A Vehicle Maintenance School, by "Mel"

The care and maintenance of W.D. vehicles is of the utmost importance to the war effort. Here we see some of the instructors of the Northern Command V.M. School. Names (from l. to r.): Lt. E. Hall, R.A.; Capt. C. O. Shelswell, R.A.S.C., the Adjutant; Capt. R. W. Wood, Manchester Regt.; Capt. C. A. Lyon, R.A.S.C., Senior Instructor; Major H. J. Daw, N. Staffords, the Commandant; Capt. T. C. Jenks, S. Staffords; Lt. W. A. Robson, East Yorks Regt.; Sgt. J. Jones, and L/Cpl. H. B. Bennett

early decease on Friday, January 21st, 1670. Claude was only twenty-seven, and when he was born Venus and Mars were in conjunction: an omen, said the wise men! His dying confession is said to have been too flowery, not to say Rabelaisian, in its language to make it fit

for publication even in those times, when speech was a bit more than free. It is said that Claude was never as good a horseman as Charles II. This might easily be, for the King was first class. He is the only monarch who rode a winner on Newmarket Heath.

As a bit of "guide-book" for our numerous and studious American guests, Claude du Vall lies buried under a plain white marble slab in the middle aisle of Covent Garden Church, and his epitaph is not a little entertaining. More anon!



Paterson, Inverness

One of the Lovats of Beaulieu

Captain the Hon. Hugh Fraser is the only brother of Lieut.-Col. the Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C. He is a brilliant speaker, is much interested in politics, and was President of the Oxford Union in 1939. Captain Fraser has been seconded from the Lovat Scouts to H.Q., Liaison Regiment



Officers of a Light A.A. Regiment, R.A.

(Front row) Capts. W. H. Nisbett, J. O'N. Toner, A. Hague; Majors J. B. Sugden; A. L. Morphy; Lt.-Col. the Hon. D. A. Balfour; Major A. G. Brown; Capts. C. G. Schofield (Adjutant), W. J. Burnett, W. I. Davies, C. N. Jenkins. (Middle row) 2nd Lts. W. G. Easeman, S. J. Parton, A. G. Fitch, K. I. M. Robertson, T. F. Mitchell; Lt. (Q.M.) H. W. J. Smith; 2nd Lts. W. H. Fincham, D. F. Rogers, N. Hill, W. Kay, D. J. Hargreaves, P. Edwards. (Back row) 2nd Lts. K. G. Hirst, J. H. Wright, N. E. Thurston, P. D. George, T. H. J. Saunders, C. N. Paddenburg, R. Hayter, G. H. Davies, R. F. Skelton, D. S. Dick, W. G. Cantle, H. L. Blake, J. J. Goldsack

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Greatest Novel in the World?

TOLSTOY'S *War and Peace* has been called the greatest novel in the world. Its re-appearance to-day is an event: for too long it has been unobtainable in this country, at first because of, later in spite of, the increasing demand. Supplies of both the English translations—Constance Garnett's and Aylmer Maude's—ran out: the bookshops and libraries had to give thousands of would-be readers the same disappointing reply. Messrs. Macmillan have now been our benefactors in bringing out (by arrangement with the Oxford University Press) this fine one-volume edition of the Aylmer Maude translation, complete with notes, maps, list of principal characters and table of historical events, priced at 12s. 6d. Nothing, however, is perfect in this imperfect world—unhappily, I have to warn you that your particular copy may not be in your hands until next spring, and more, to be certain that that shall happen, you should put down your name for it with your bookseller at once. What has happened is that the first printing (30,000 copies) has been sold out before publication date. A second large (though, remember, not inexhaustible) printing should be ready by May 1943. "Present conditions" are certainly not kind to us. Some of us, unable to wait till next spring, may successfully beg, borrow or steal—but let me not inculcate bad book morals! Meanwhile, it is interesting to study our present-day need—call it hunger—for *War and Peace*. For the reasons for this, we must turn to the book itself.

Other writers (for all I know) may have attempted, but no one but Tolstoy has carried off, a novel of this magnitude—a novel that relates as well as embraces such diverse kinds of human experience. The first part of *War and Peace* was first published in Russia in 1865; the second in 1869—and yet, as one reads, these dates seem to mean almost nothing, for no novel remains more contemporary, more completely without a touch of "period" oddness or the very slightest grain of the dust of time. Each character, as one turns the pages, comes nearer to us than we are to ourselves. Each situation—be it in drawing-room or battlefield, young girl's bedroom or generals' council chamber, hunting-lodge or State ante-room, threatened city or quiet country estate—is of momentous interest. What happens matters. Tolstoy imbued each scene he touched with the most convincing kind of psychological truth. To this truthfulness, I believe, are owed the book's harmony and its triumphantly right proportion. One passes, that is to say, without any sense of discrepancy, from some decision made by Napoleon to some hesitation of the man or woman in love.

War and Peace opens with 1805: that June, Russia, under the young Tsar Alexander I., is on the eve of war with Napoleon. Books I., II.

and III. deal with the campaign waged by Russia against the French in Austria, which ended with the battle of Austerlitz. In 1807 we have the meeting of the three Emperors at Tilsit. The final war phase is the fateful 1812—Napoleon's invasion of Russia, the French entry into Moscow, the burning of Moscow, the French retreat. With 1812 closes the main action of *War and Peace*.

There are, however, two epilogues: one deals with the after-lives of the principal characters. In the case of these characters there is no fixed "conclusion." Some have died, in the course of the story, but those whom we leave living seem as though they were likely to live on in a curious perpetuity of their own. We first met them, in most cases, young; we part from them middle-aged. They have grown, they have deepened, they have in some cases altered. But while life lasts, one cannot write "finis" to anyone.

The fine pattern of individual lives is placed against the heavier pattern of history. Yet, in *War and Peace*, history dwarfs nothing—one cannot call any one of these lives "little." The first greatness of the Tolstoy of *War and Peace* is—I maintain—his greatness as a creator of men and women. This is a novel crowded with major characters—and one should hardly say crowded, for that suggests confusion: in fact, each man and woman, from their very first appearance, has his or her own orbit, follows his or her own course. Paths cross, natures conflict, destinies affect one another—and all this goes to make a dynamic pattern that, though complex, is somehow never involved.



Howard Coster

Chemist, Soldier and Farmer

Lieut.-Colonel George Paton Pollit, author of "Britain Can Feed Herself," recently published by Macmillan, is an expert on chemical farming and fertilisers, a director of I.C.I. and himself farms 900 acres in Shropshire. In 1914 he enlisted as a despatch rider, was five times wounded and mentioned in despatches, winning the D.S.O. and two Bars. He is now engaged in directing the manufacture of special anti-tank weapons

The Young and the Old

FIVE families, all aristocratic—the Bezúkhovs, the Rostóvs, the Bolkónskis, the Kurágin and the Drubetskóys—dominate, at least on one plane, the novel. . . . Pierre Bezúkhov (recently legitimatised son of the old Count) marries first the beautiful Hélène Kurágin; then, after her death, Natásha Rostóv. Natásha had been engaged, before this, to Prince Andrew Bolkónski (whose touching young wife has died in childbirth early on in the story), but has lost Prince Andrew's love through a passing infatuation for the dissolute Anatole Kurágin, brother of Hélène. This Anatole was once the unwilling suitor of Prince Andrew's sister, Princess Mary—but that match had come to nothing. Princess Mary finally marries Nicholas Rostóv, Natásha's elder brother. Handsome Boris Drubetskóy, first introduced as the object of Natásha's childish affection, becomes a hanger-on of Hélène's, and is in the end to marry the heiress, Julie, whom Nicholas failed to court.

Tolstoy paints youth and old age with an equal genius. The young-girlhood of Natásha Rostóv (whom we meet first at thirteen), the arduous of her officer-brother, Nicholas, the optimistic, recalcitrant innocence of Pierre Bezúkhov—stout young outsider with spectacles, suddenly much too wealthy—are unforgettable. Facing these stand those of ageing or dying men, bound up in their pride, their personal fantasies or the memories of

(Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE other day I visited a big munition factory somewhere in the Midlands. Nothing very remarkable about that, you may say. There wasn't. But what amused me derived from the fact that on the way thither I had been rereading Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*, and the subsequent entertainment it gave me by imagining the reactions of Fanny Price to this strange, new, noisy world. For certainly she would have been called up. No ability in the art of swooning at the right moment would have saved her. She would be in dirty trousers before she could uncork her smellingsalts. Her "exquisite sensibility" would be elbowed and jostled. Worse still, her behind would likely be playfully smacked by most of the young men who happened to pass her by! Fainting, instead of being a dramatic luxury, would become for her a regular habit. Even should fate thrust her in the Forces, she would still be obliged to show her legs. And that, to a girl who blushed to have her ankles seen, would surely make her a permanent case in the first-aid dressing-station. In fact, I don't believe she would live to draw her first wages. Yet, in her day, she represented a high feminine ideal—all gentleness, modesty, loving-kindness and exquisite sensibility. Only nowadays would she be accounted a noodle!

Nevertheless, between swoons, her moral principles were adamant. And today these principles would surely need reinforcements of ferro-concrete. For the angel ideal has vanished. In its place has come a standard. Not so greatly the

avoidance of Divine anger, as the avoidance of magisterial disapproval, provides the main approach. Poor Fanny would have lived bewildered and died aghast! Her chastity would have got her nowhere. Her modesty would have thrust her into the nearest corner. Her gentleness would lose her her place in the queue at the first onrush. Her acute sensibility would merely be accounted unto her for silliness. Her urge to fly for protection towards a man's strong arms would simply make him suspect that, unless he were very careful, love might land him with an incipient invalid. Ennobling, of course, in Fanny's ideal of a heavenly bond, but decidedly a handicap in simply a romantic experiment—its modern equivalent.

And how could her exquisite sensibility survive the idea of children—only to be decided upon after an intense study of the financial status? She, whose virtue took warning if a gentleman asked her for so little as a second dance! She would likely die a thousand deaths in a week in this modern world, wherein the moral tone is so very definitely of woman's fashioning, and no longer a man's poetical ideal. No longer an ideal at all, perhaps; just a few nicely elastic standards. A certain gain, no doubt; yet equally a certain loss. In fact, Fanny would have found it as impossible to pass her days in a munition factory as a munition-worker would find it suffocating if the time-machine thrust her back into the atmosphere of *Mansfield Park*. Nevertheless, to imagine such an eventuality inclines us to heave a sigh—and then laugh.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



McKenzie — Curzon-Hope

Ronald Fraser McKenzie, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. McKenzie, of 62, Grange Gardens, Pinner, married Cynthia Patricia St. Jeanne Curzon-Hope, daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. Curzon-Hope, of 8, Abbey Road, N.W., at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace



Wilson — Best

F. B. Barker

Lieut. (E.) Alan Christopher Wyndham Wilson, R.N., son of Mrs. Derek Craven, of Crosshwaite, Windermere, and Maureen Angela Burke Best, daughter of Mrs. C. W. May, of 55, Park Lane, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Hayley Bell — King

S/Ldr. Dennis Hayley Bell, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. Hayley Bell, of 30, Belsize Grove, N.W., married Elizabeth Mary King, daughter of the late Dr. G. C. King, and Mrs. J. Kentish Barnes, of Cald, Cheshire, at the Savoy Chapel



Yvonne

Parsons — Bulman

Lieut. Eric Leonard Parsons, R.A., only son of Mr. Leonard Parsons, of 10, Kent Court, Ealing, married Zoë Garnett Bulman, eldest daughter of Mr. Norman H. Bulman, of 3, The Newlands, Middlesbrough, at Southwark Cathedral



Ingram — Ashmead-Bartlett

Major Thomas Lewis Ingram, only son of the late Dr. Ingram, of Welford, and Mrs. Ingram, of Wimbledon Common, married Elizabeth Therese Julia Ashmead-Bartlett, of 25, Manchester Square, W., younger daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Ashmead-Bartlett, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Blaikie — Sutton

Major Stephen Henry Brunton Blaikie, Parachute Regiment, son of the late Dr. J. B. Blaikie, and Mrs. Blaikie, of Upper Winpole Street, married Primrose Sutton, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Sutton, of Heathfield House, Brockenhurst, at St. Nicholas's Church, Brockenhurst



Shephard — Fullerton-Carnegie

Lieut. Philip Le Roy Shephard, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shephard, of Glovers, Charlwood, Surrey, married Diana Mary Fullerton-Carnegie, daughter of the late G. D. H. Fullerton-Carnegie, and Mrs. Fullerton-Carnegie, of Stronvar, Strathire, Perthshire, at Stronvar House



Barker — Barnes

Pay-Lieut. Peter Barker, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Barker, of The Limes, Waterlooville, and Joy Barnes, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Barnes, of Hatchford Hall, Cobham, Surrey, were married at the Savoy Chapel



Hoare — Vassar

Lieut. Peter J. H. Hoare, R.N., of Old Cross House, Hertford, married Joan Margaret Vassar at St. Paul's, Hammersmith. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Vassar, of 2, Melrose Avenue, Whitton, Middlesex

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

Mr. Shaughnessy, both of whom are in peacetime linked with the magic of real "show business," and imaginative at that. Guardsman Talbot and his band are scheduled to supply the music.

More people to be met with in this neighbourhood lately were Miss Antonia Herbert, young daughter of Mrs. Mervyn Herbert, of Tetton, in Somerset. She was staying with Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, who had a son quite lately. Captain and Mrs. George Thorne shopped locally together; Captain Hugh and Lady Helen Smith have one of the rare furnished houses; Major and Mrs. "Tiny" Leatham have another, which is decorated with delightful nineteenth-century pictures of saintly cows escorting little girls across fields, and lovers keeping their distance on stone seats in Tennysonian gardens.

East and West

SUDDENLY, from the heart of India, comes one of those fascinating little Airgraph letters from Captain Charles Harding, A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras. He has been having a wonderful time, staying with the Maharajah of Mysore for the Dasara celebrations. He also mentions a very good point-to-point held up in the hills in the autumn, at which Lord Shannon had a winner in his horse, Tiddley Bits. His (Lord Shannon's) son, Mr. Richard Boyle, is going into the Irish Guards.

Back in London, recently engaged and extremely attractive Miss Hermione Gunston shopped in Bond Street, wearing a coat made of curly white lamb, and no hat. Captain Harding's farewell party was at her mother's, Lady Doris Gunston's, flat. A busy person about was Lady Moncreiffe, whose activities include the Allied Navies Comforts Fund, and the new club for the United Nations, of which she is chairman. The Dowager Lady Swaythling, in uniform, took time off for Christmas shopping, and others pursuing the same end in a small area were Lady Bridgett Poulett, Lady Worthington Evans and Miss Ann Mackenzie.

Gay Party

GAY party to welcome her husband home after five months in hospital was given by Mrs. Dudley Porter at their lovely home in Sloane Street. Major Dudley Porter, who was riding a motor-bicycle on duty at the time, crashed into a trailer up North last July, and broke his leg in two or three places. He has been in hospital ever since, having one painful operation after another. Now he is home on a month's leave before facing another operation, which should get the leg finally into working order again. In and out to welcome and congratulate on his home-coming were Lady Scarsdale, Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, who arrived very late owing to pressure of official duties; Lady Courtney, Mrs. Albertini, down South from the Lake District and now staying in Marlow with her nine-year-old son; F/Lt. Ivor Maclaren, on forty-eight hours' leave; Major Jim Veitch, also on leave, and doing double duty as doorman and barman for his sister with great skill; Captain Terence Kenyon (both he and his two brothers are in the Coldstream), and Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Howes, delighted with the success of thirteen-year-old Sally Ann, who is to make her first screen appearance immediately after Christmas with Wilfred Lawson and Kathleen O'Regan in *Thursday's Child*.

(Left) Elizabeth Mary Dove-ton Sturdee was married to Lt. Edward Beckwith Ashmore, D.S.C., R.N., on the 11th December. She is the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel and Lady Sturdee, and is a Second Officer in the W.R.N.S.

(Right) Patricia Maxwell-Willshire, daughter of Sir Gerard and Lady Maxwell-Willshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. David Kerr-Wilson, Coldstream Guards, the youngest son of Major and Mrs. H. Kerr-Wilson, of Delavor House, Heswall, Cheshire

A Recent Wedding and Engagement

Lenore

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

their sins. Old Prince Bolkónski is implacable, often cruel; genial Count Rostóv is to be broken by circumstance; Count Bezúkhov is only seen as a dying figure; Prince Kurágin's intrigues are contemptible. . . . Again, in his depiction of feminine beauty—whether it be the shallow but superb glitter of Hélène or the adorable vitality of Natásha—Tolstoy has been seldom approached and never surpassed. He not only shows the face, he penetrates to the spirit. It is by that test applied to the spirit that the plain, shy, awkward Princess Mary Bolkónski begins to shine through the novel, towards the end.

War and Peace is most often written or spoken of as an epic. As such it may sound intimidating. In reality, it could not be friendlier. I know no such pictures of delicious and happy scenes. I remember, for instance, best of all the Rostóvs' country Christmas at Otrádnœ, with Nicholas home on leave—hunting, wild dancing, sledge-rides and dressing-up. No English novelist, of any century, has painted English country and fashionable city life with the fullness with which Tolstoy painted the Russian. And I think that, in reading *War and Peace*, it is by the likeness rather than the unlikeness of the two ways of living that you will be struck. One seldom breaks off to exclaim "How Russian!"—whereas, in reading even the greatest of the French novels, one frequently does break off to exclaim "How French!" These people seem no more foreign than they seem distant in time.

The historical portraits—most notably those of Napoleon and of Alexander I.—are on another, though not unrelated, plane. The pictures of war—of battles, minor engagements and movements of troops about country-sides—are of startling, majestic vividness. And between these come the discussions of strategy, either between the characters or direct from Tolstoy's own pen. . . . And the vast canvas holds military figures of every sort—the wild officers of Pierre's playboy days, Nicholas Rostóv's seasoned brother-campaigners.

These are a few of the many reasons to enjoy *War and Peace*. But why do we almost need to read, or reread, it now? I think because this novel, with its comprehensive plan, its handling of time and space, its at once intensely human and superhuman vision, affirms the power of mankind to live out its destiny. One is enriched by what happens, though one may suffer. Great art, like religion, imposes form on the chaos into which life, at times like the present, might seem to merge. In the long run, I believe that we dread futility more than we dread tragedy. It is too easy, at the height of momentous times, to despise our own lives—and yet, in our hearts we do not want to despise them. Tolstoy, in *War and Peace*, shows that though much may be pitiful, nothing is futile: in the range of human experience everything has its place. . . . *War and Peace*, you may say, is nothing more than a novel: for the greater part its characters are fictitious. But no; they are real—for the feelings that go to make them are the feelings that go to make you and me. History, in the literal sense, plays a great part in *War and Peace*. But, in another sense, this whole novel is history—the history of a number of human souls who saw through a day not unlike our own.

Diplomats

MISS HELEN LOMBARD'S *Washington Waltz* (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.) is deliciously entertaining—and carries a moral, too. Not knowing Washington, I cannot tell just how indiscreet Miss Lombard may be considered in giving us this more or less inside story of the lives of different Embassies there—British, German, Soviet, French, Finnish, Japanese, Italian, Yugoslav and Chinese—from some time back in the early 1930's up to spring 1941. Possibly she is not indiscreet at all: she says nothing that could not be called fair comment. As an American—married to an official of the French Embassy, a strong opponent of Vichy—she inherits that engaging native frankness of speech.

Her lively account of intrigue and counter-intrigue makes the waltz appear to be a sort of lobster quadrille. The surround is Washington itself (which, in spite of being the capital, has, she says, a "village" atmosphere), its crowd of ambitious hostesses, its electric circle of gossip. The State Department, beset by envoys at every one of those crises that punctuated the inter-war years, is shown as preserving dignified balance. The increasing activity of the Axis Embassies, their calculated manoeuvring for position, is contrasted with the dignified, old-style, impeccable quiescence of the British and the pre-1940 French. Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany both made a wise concession to American feeling by sending Ambassadors of unextreme views and notable social charm—but these mild men came, in time, to be shadowed by representatives of the Ogpu or the Gestapo. And one Italian Ambassador, also known to be moderate, was shadowed by his relentlessly Fascist butler.

The picture of our own Embassy (locally known as "the Maternity Home," because of its architecture) will, naturally, be most interesting to us. Miss Lombard "reveals"—as far as I know, for the first time—the feverish social tension that surrounded the King and Queen's visit to Washington in June 1939. . . . I found *Washington Waltz* enthralling. The emergence of the "new" diplomacy, with its outrageous departures from tradition, has been acutely studied by Miss Lombard.

First Rate

MISS ELIZABETH FERRARS' *Your Neck in a Noose* (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.) is a detective novel with which I can find no fault. The writing is sure and swift, the character-drawing so excellent that a great part of the book's interest resides there. Leora and Billy are terrible adolescents. The hideous, luxurious house, with its amethyst-glass ash-trays, could not be a better scene for a crime. For Christmas holiday reading, I give this a row of stars.

G.E.C.

and

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*Lord Hirst, of Witton,
Chairman and Managing
Director in his Chairman's
Speech at the G.E.C. Annual
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Going Down Now

SPEED is a snare and a delusion. It leads to more arguments than the Beveridge Report; more misunderstandings than a Government regulation; more inaccuracies than are contained in official statistics. When we hear from the Republic Aviation Corporation that one of their Thunderbolt single-seat fighters has been dived at 725 miles an hour, the immediate reaction is one of scepticism. Speed claims are like fishing stories and demand just as much verification.

In motoring, people gradually learnt that a "snap" speedometer reading, taken downhill, with the wind behind, did not necessarily represent the genuine maximum speed of the car concerned. Nor does the "snap" air-speed indicator reading, taken when the aircraft is going downhill, represent the genuine maximum speed of the aircraft concerned. So it is much better, instead of speaking of the machine as having "flown" at 725 miles an hour, always to speak of it as having "dived" at that speed. Then it is at once clear that the speed figure is not more than an approximation and that it has little reference to the genuine maximum speed of the aircraft in level flight. There is a connection, however, between speed in the dive and in level flight, though it is not clearly defined. For instance, a low aspect ratio would be an advantage for achieving a high diving speed, and it is also an advantage for achieving high-level speed when near the ground.

Blurr

In other words, the fast aircraft near the ground is likely to be the one with wings of small span relative to their chord—or with short, stubby wings, to put it in general terms. The opposite case occurs for high flying. For that there is an advantage in high aspect ratio wings,

fine, big-span wings. The Thunderbolt has a span only 1 ft. greater than the Hurricane, but it weighs much more. No wonder it goes down fast in a dive. But we regretfully must look on that delightful figure of 725 miles an hour as not much nearer the precise speed reached than the motor-touring averages our friends used to tell us they put up on the road. It is not because the pilot misrepresents the figures, but because no instruments have yet been devised for giving accurate speed-readings under these conditions.

But we are getting used to vague and blurred performance information. It is one of the penalties of war. Before the war we could obtain the Martlesham figures for an aircraft and could be certain that the maximum speed figure had been arrived at precisely and painstakingly. We could be sure of it to within about a mile an hour. Now we hear of aircraft which do "around 400 miles an hour," or which have a top speed "approaching 400 miles an hour" or "well over 350 miles an hour," or something blurred and vague of that kind. Not the least of the blessings which peace will bring will be a return to precision in the quotations of aircraft performance figures.

Ornithology

ONE curious thing which superficial comparisons between high-speed aircraft and high-speed birds bring to light is that the high-speed birds usually have high aspect ratio wings and the low-speed ones low aspect ratio. The high aspect ratio of the big-span, short-chord



F/O. Michael Graves, D.F.C.

Flying Officer Graves, of the Middle East Command, was recently decorated with the D.F.C. for "devotion to duty during difficult operations." He is the son of Captain Sir Cecil and Lady Graves of Fallodon, Northumberland. Sir Cecil is Deputy-Director-General of the B.B.C.

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
DECEMBER 23, 1942

wings of the swift compare with the low aspect ratio stubby wings of the rook. It is rather strange that man-made aircraft show an almost opposite trend. The Wellington bomber, with its high aspect ratio is the slow, long-range weight-lifter. The Thunderbolt, with its low aspect ratio, is the fast short-range fighter. The reason may lie in the enormous gap between the speeds of the fastest birds and the fastest aircraft. Flying machines have now gone far ahead in this matter, and it may follow that direct aspect ratio comparisons are no longer permissible.

All of which reminds me that, as many flying people are interested in birds (they ought all to be so interested if they take their job seriously), they should look at a book on British birds, by James Fisher. It came out recently, I gather, and it contains a great deal of hard,

factual information about birds which is of extreme interest. It also does something to show how bird life is linked up with other kinds of life and with the use of the soil, and—for me, at any rate—it throws new light on the whole subject of natural flight.

Whether it is a sentimentalisation or not I do not know (it would take a psycho-analyst to find out), but my impression is that one who has done much flying in man-made machines does in some odd way experience the freedom of the air and knows it as it is shared by birds. I know many pilots of experience who are revolted by the spectacle of caged birds, and I do not think it is entirely a fancy that it is because they have personal knowledge of what free flight means.

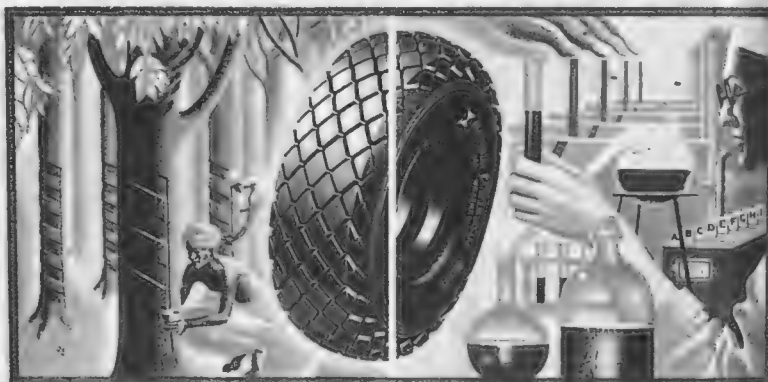


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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Many brides eliminate the white wedding frock, substituting one of wool and a fur, therefore, Percy Vickery, 245 Regent Street, is showing what may be described as decorative, nevertheless hard-wearing wraplets. Portrayed above is a natural lynx cape, the cost of which is pleasantly moderate. Next to it is one of natural cross fox, the skins are perfectly worked, the delicate golden-brown shades being cleverly emphasised. Long-fitting coats have been revived, the skirt portion is very full, those of Persian paw being from seventy-nine guineas. Baum marten has come into its own again and looks very well when made up into three or four strand stoles. Nothing seems to cast a shadow over the vogue for silver fox stoles; they look well with practically any dress. By the way there is no more welcome wedding gift than one of fur



To-day women are talking about coats that may be worn during the latter part of the winter and early spring; of course they must be of a non-committal character. H. J. Nicoll, Regent Street, have assembled in their salons a representative collection of the same; there is only a limited number of each model, one of which is illustrated on the right of this page. It is carried out in a light, nevertheless, warm tweed, and as will be seen it is belted, the collar and revers are becomingly cut, and it wraps well over. Admirably tailored, too, are the camel hair coats with a black knitting needle line. Again, the slack outfits are practical: They consist of trousers, short and long coat, and divided or plain skirts may be substituted for the first mentioned. It seems almost unnecessary to mention that the requirements of men and women in the Services have been carefully considered

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A MAN was eating a meal at a restaurant when another came up and spoke to him.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I think we met here a fortnight ago."

The other looked him over and shook his head.

"Sorry," he said, "but I don't think I know you."

"Maybe not. I don't know you, but I recognised that umbrella you brought in with you."

"That's impossible, sir!" retorted the other haughtily.

"A fortnight ago I had no umbrella."

"No," came the quick reply, "but I had!"

A WITNESS was being questioned during a charge of assault.

"You saw these men fighting," said the magistrate.

"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "at that time it was impossible to foresee which would be the defendant."

THE large factory had organised its own Home

Guard, and the men were duly posted to guard

the works.

The manager approached the main entrance, and

the sentry, torn between duty and deference, shouted:

"Halt, Mr. Brown! Who goes there?"

SOLOMON had been going through his accounts.

"Did you send a bill to Mr. Brown?" he asked

his son.

"Yes, dad," came the reply.

"And did you put an extra five shillings on before

you sent it?"

"Yes, dad. I added five shillings and twopence-

halfpenny."

"What's the odd twopence-halfpenny for?"

"Oh, that's to cover our postage when we reply to

his letter complaining of overcharge."

FROM a very unofficial source comes the following exchange of telegrams between Hitler and Mussolini:

Mussolini to Hitler: "Conditions very bad stop urgently need food stop please send."

Hitler to Mussolini: "Sorry we nothing spare stop every crumb needed for home and Russian front stop suggest tighten belt."

Mussolini to Hitler: "Please send belt."

T IRED after a difficult day, the American statesman handed the menu back to the Negro waiter and said: "Just bring me a good meal."

He put a generous tip on his plate, and a good meal, a very good meal, was served him.

The customer enjoyed it so much that he came back to the restaurant several times and each time he left the choice of the meal to the same waiter.

Then one night he told the waiter that he was going away and would not be coming there for some time, anyway, and gave the man a very generous tip.

"Thank you sah," said the Negro, beaming all over his face, "an' if you got any othah frien's what can't read, you jes' send 'em to me, sah."

S TROLLING along a railway platform, a man dropped a shilling through a crack in the planking. A friend came along a minute later, and found him squatted down on his heels, industriously poking a pound note through the treacherous cranny.

"What on earth are you doing?" inquired the friend.

"Trying to make it worth my while to tear up this board!"

A TRAVELLER, who was renowned for his tall stories, on being asked out to dinner made arrangements with his friends who were to accompany him that they should kick him under the table if he began to go too far.

During the soup he started off.

"You know," he said to his hostess, "a friend of mine has a rose garden over ten miles long, and"—he felt a kick—"and two inches wide."



GEORGE was sitting reading the newspaper when his wife entered.

"George," she said, "What do you think? Mother wants to be cremated."

"Right!" said George, briskly, throwing his paper to one side and springing to his feet. "Where is she? Tell her to put her things on!"

A MAN was surprised when a good-looking young woman greeted him by saying "Good evening."

He could not remember having met her before.

She evidently realized her mistake, for she exclaimed:

"Oh, I'm sorry, but when I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

She walked on, while the man stared after her. He did not know, of course, that she was a school teacher.

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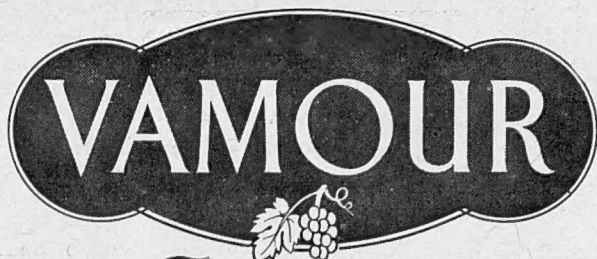
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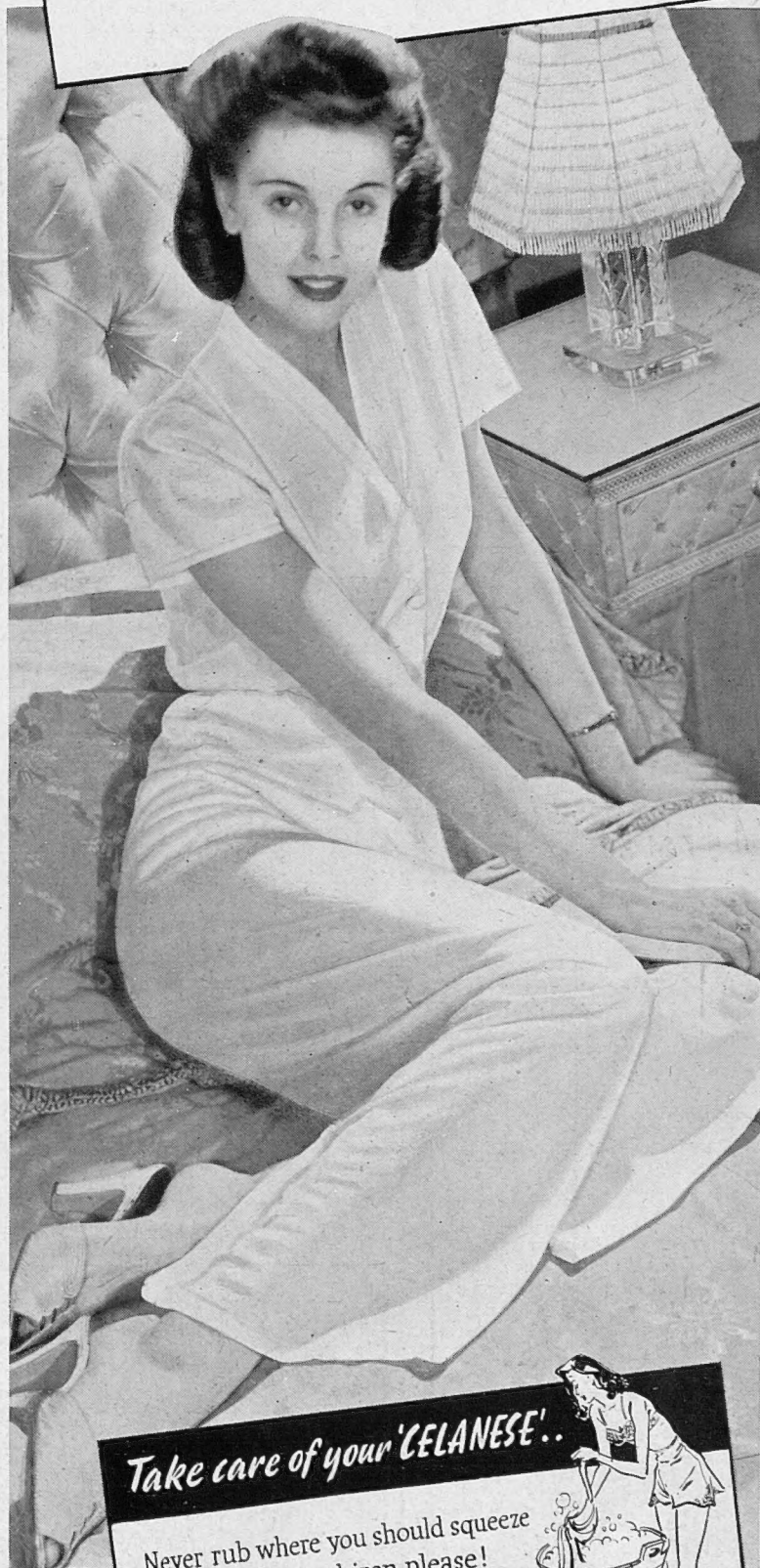
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THE THREADS

In Greek Mythology the destiny of mortals was controlled by the three goddesses of fate—the Parcae.

Clotho, the youngest daughter, presided over the moment man was born. She held the distaff in her hand and spun the web of life.

Lachesis spun out man's destiny in the form of threads and controlled the actions of life and decided its length whilst Atropos, the eldest of the three sisters, cut the thread of human life with a pair of scissors.

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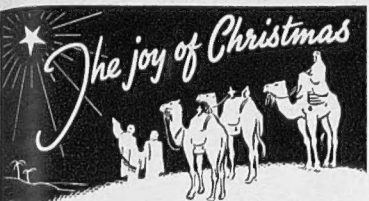
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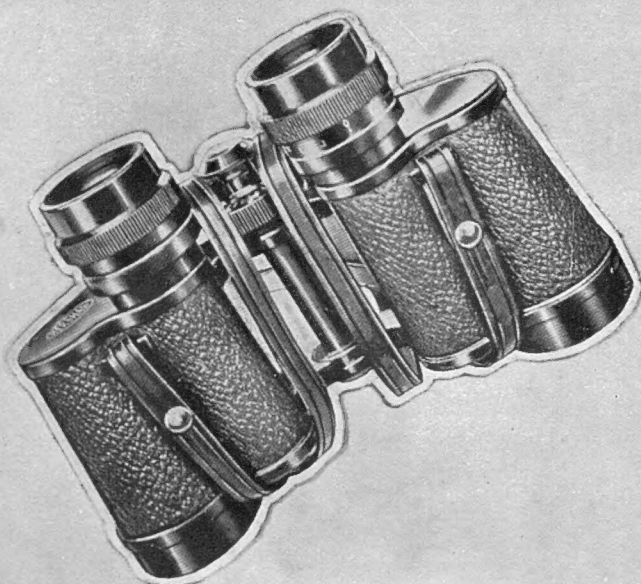
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